

We're Forever by OTTSTF

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bullying, F/M, Fluff, Mike takes none of it, One Shot

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Mike Wheeler, Troy (Stranger Things)

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-04-27

Updated: 2018-04-27

Packaged: 2022-04-22 04:42:06

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 975

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“It’d have to be Frogface.”

“Right? Who the hell would want to go anywhere near that?”

OR:

Yet another 'El reassures Mike she's not going anywhere.' oneshot because I'm utter trash.

We're Forever

Author's Note:

The Season Three hype is getting to me, peeps. All these posts from the cast, ST's social media, Netflix, etc...

I AM GOING TO E X P L O D E

Call me an ambulance, quick.

"It'd have to be Frogface."

"Right? Who the hell would want to go anywhere near *that*?"

"I doubt he'd even be accepted by a prostitute."

"Nah, they'd pay *him* to leave."

Normally, Mike can just ignore the insults rolling around. Normally, he doesn't care. Today, though, he's feeling a bit... *strange*. He suddenly feels an urge to just punch one of them in the face. Perhaps *Troy*...

"Really, Troy?" he says, slamming his locker shut. "You really think that, huh?"

"Oh god, here he is." one of the others mutter.

"Oh, I know it, Wheeler." Troy remarks. "I don't see any girls talking to you. Except maybe that one redhead, but she might as well be a boy as well."

"Oh, screw you, Troy!" Mike barks back. "Besides, are you forgetting *someone*?"

"Who?" Troy asks. "Will Byers? He might be a fairy, but he's not a girl, so he doesn't count."

“Nah, not Will. Someone who... oh, I don’t know. *Broke your arm.*”

“That crazy bitch?”

“Or, you know. Someone you *pissed yourself* over just by seeing them.”

That earns snickers from the crowd. Troy glances over them, but they don’t care.

“Yeah, well where is she, Wheeler?” Troy turns back to Mike. “Did she run away after realising there are more boys in the world than just you? Or maybe the freak’s brother killed her instead?”

Without even thinking about it, Mike swings his fist for Troy’s face, fast enough that Troy doesn’t see it coming. He stumbles backward, holding his face in his hands as the crowd begins to cheer. Through Troy’s hand, Mike can clearly see blood emerging. Suddenly realising what he’d done, he turns to make a break for it.

“Get back here, you little shit!” Troy calls after him, still holding his nose closed. Mike ignores him, running all the way to his bike, not even waiting for the rest of the party before he sets off towards his house, where he knows El is waiting for him. He feels a familiar presence with him as he begins cycling, and feels a smile grow on his face.

”Be home soon, El.” he says out loud.

“Hello, Mike!” she welcomes him home as she opens the basement door for him.

“Hey, El.” he greets back as he shrugs his backpack off. “How’s the day been?”

“Good.” she answers simply. “You felt me watching.”

“Yeah.” he confirms. “It’s getting a lot easier, and I’ve even heard you a few times as well.”

She watches him sort through his backpack, and can’t help but worry. He’s usually very excited to see her, and he’s always over the moon whenever they make progress with their ‘connection’. Right now, though, he seems... down. Sad.

“Mike?”

“Yeah, El?” he responds, but keeps focus on his bag.

“What’s wrong?”

“Huh? Nothing’s wrong, I just...”

“It’s Troy.” she tells him bluntly. “I heard him.”

“You saw that too?” he now looks to her.

“Yes, and he’s wrong.” she says. “I’m here, and I’ll never run away.”

“He’s right about one thing, though” Mike informs her.

“What?” an eyebrow raises. “What is he right about?”

“That there’s more boys in the world than me.” he clarifies.

“Yeah...” she agrees. “Okay, he’s right about that, but that’s just a fact. Why are you upset over that?”

He looks at her, taking a moment to just read her face. He sighs. “It got me thinking. *Worrying*.”

“About what, Mike?”

“Us. Me and you.”

“Us?” she questions. “Why us?”

He sighs again. “You’re the best thing that’s happened to me. You

know that, right?"

She smiles. "You're that for me, too."

And so does he. "But you don't think... just because of what we've been through, you *have* to stay with me. You know you *can* leave, right?"

She grabs his hand, holding tight, looking him directly in the eyes. "Mike, never say that again."

"I'm not saying you have to... but you know that, right?"

"Mike, of course I know. That's one of the first and best gifts you gave me: Choice."

She then pulls him in tight for a hug.

"But just because I can, doesn't mean I will. I *never* will, Mike. You and I? We're forever."

Mike feels his eyes sting as they moisten, feeling well beyond gifted to have El in his life, saying these words.

"You know what?" she says, pulling back to look at him again.

"Let's go show *him* that, too."

"Wh-*what*?" Mike can't believe what he hears.

She closes her eyes for a moment, visibly relaxing as she empties her mind. Not a few seconds later, she returns to the real world.

"Come on." she tugs his arm toward the door. "I know where he is."

"Are you serious, El?"

"He's talking with his mom. She thinks you broke his nose."

"I... I broke his nose?"

"I hope so." she smirks, as does he.

"Come on." she again insists. "They're going to see a doctor. We can wait outside and-"

"El..."

“Yes, Mike?”

“I don’t need you to do that.” he says with a smile.

“You... don’t want to prove him wrong?”

“He’s not worth the effort, El.”

“But don’t you want him to know the truth? So he can’t say those things again?”

“El, as long as *I* know I have you, I’m happy. I don’t need mouthbreathers to know about us to be happy.”

She smiles, appreciating his words as always.

“Are you sure? I don’t mind.”

“I’m sure, El. I’d rather stay here, drop onto the sofa, and watch soaps with you all day.”

She giggles at that, and as always, it’s his favourite sound; second to hearing her give him a quick peck.

“I love you, you know that right?”

That’ll send his stomach doing cartwheels even when he’s eighty.

“I love you too, El. That’ll never change.”

Author's Note:

:poof:

I explode.

In other news, I really don't know what I'm doing regarding fics any more. I have ideas I want to write about, but no idea as of how to start them, HELP. :(

Meanwhile, if you have any ideas you'd like to see me write, give me a shout! All this hype has me desperate to keep writing. :D